The HISTORY of the FAMOUS EXPLOITS of

Guy Earl of Warwick.

His Encountering and Overcoming Monstrous Gyants, and Champions, and his Killing the *Dun Cow* of *Dunsmore-Heath*; with many other Gallant Atchievements performed by him in his Life, and the Manner of his Death.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY

Of the Famous Exploits of

GUY Earl of WARWICK, &c.

CHAP. 1.

Of the Birth of Guy, and his gallant Atchievements in his Youth; likewise how he fell in Love with fair Phillis.

IN the Reign of *Edgar*, surnamed *Athelstone*, King of the *West-Saxons*, was born *Guyrolous Cassibilanius*, vulgarly call'd *Guy* of *Warwick*, his Father *Cordian Cassibilanius*, a Gallant Gentleman, whom the Fortune of War had reduced from a plentiful Estate, to the Condition of a Steward, where, Marrying a Knight's Daughter he was soon blest with a Son, the most Renowned *Guy* (the Subject of this History) whose Lineal Descent was from *Cassibilanius*, a famous British Prince the Birth of GUY was attended with some Remarkable Signs, denoting his Fortunate Greatness; so likewise his Mother dreamed, soon after her, Conceptions that *Mars* in a bloody Chariot *drawn* by fiery *Dragons*. descended and told her, the Child she bore in her womb should come to be the Honour and Glory of this Nation, and a Terror to all Tyrants and Infidels and his amazing Acts should fill the World with Wonder, which fell out so, for no sooner was he Eight-Years Old, but He was delighted with all sorts of Manly Exercise, as Runing, Wrestling pitching the Bar, and throwing ponderous Weights which he did to that Perfection, that others more in Age and Stature could not come near Him in, to the Admiration of all that beheld him. In this manner he Exercised himself tell the Age of Sixteen, at which no Man dare to encounter with him; when they did, he always was Victorious, which gained him much Applause, and Fame spoke loud of him. Earl *Reband*, hearing of his matchless Deeds, invited him to a sumptuors Feast; there it was that he first beheld the beautiful *Phillis*, (the Earls Daughter) on whom he fix'd his Eyes and Thoughts among all the dazling Beauties, that adorn'd,

adorn'd the Entertainment, still powerful Love had made an absolute Conquest over his Heart, which made him exceeding Pensive and Melancholly; and though his Father and the Earl enquired of him the Cause, they was never the near; but to divert themselves after the Feast was over, several Combatants engaged together to try their Manhood, and although *Guy's* Heart was possess'd with a new Passion, he entered into the Lists, to engage any that dare enter against him, where he did things to Admiration overthrowing all that he Encountered with, to the great Satisfaction of the Earl and fair *Phillis* and delight of the Company, who made him many rich Presents but all was little esteemed by him, to the favourable Glance Which *Phillis* seem'd to give him, whose Heart burnt with an arden Desire to make his passion known unto her, and tho' he had conceived favourable Thoughts of Success in his Love; yet when *he* considered *her Degree* so far exceeding his it struck a Damp to all his former Hopes, so Retiring from the Company into a solitary Place, he breaks out in Sighs thus expostulating with himself; For me to attain this Perfection of Beauty, is, I fear, altogether impossible, by reason of the great Distance of our Fortune. O! ye powers! for what are these fair Beauties created, if not to be enjoyed? Or do you send down these bright Shapes from your Heavenly Abodes, only to be gazed at by Love sick Man? I'll no longer torture my self thus between Hope and Dispair, but will instantly go to her, and receive from her fair Lips the Sentance of my Life or Death: So saying, he hasted to *Warwick Castle*, where he found *Phillis* retired into a pleasant Arbor, for her Evening Diversion, whom he thus made his Addresses to: Most devine Creature, Fairest of your Sex, I have brought a Heart all over Love, to offer a Sacrifice to your dear Eyes; pardon the Boldness of my rash Presumption that I should soar so high, to Court that Bliss a King might be proud to possess; But Love, dear Lady, has such boundless Power, that I'm compelled with Humbleness, to let you know i cannot live unless you give me Life, by granting me the Blessing of your Love. to Whom thus *Phillis*, With Majestick Grace, return'd this answer; Alas Sir, Love is but a Childish Toy, i never inten to try it; your Suit I must deny; I mean to lead a Virgin's life, besides, I blame your misadvised Folly, to aim at things so fair about your Reach: No, Noble *Guy*, though I esteem your Valour, yet I cannot stoop to any thing so much below my self, therefore, I would have you forbear this Suit, So ended her Discourse, she left him; who, with many bitter Sighs, lamented his Misfortune in his Courtship, and said, Oh! ye mighty Deity of Love, I implore your Divine Help, wound her Heart as you have done mine, and make her have Compassion on a suffering Lover.

CHAP.

CHAP. 2.

How Venus *Repreſented* Guy *in a Warlike poſture to* Phillis *in a Dream: How ſhe granted him her Love, ſending him abroad on Noble Adventures,*

AS ſoon as Night had drawn her Sable Curtains, ſhe retired to her ſweet Repoſe, the little God, *Cupid*, was ſent by *Venus*, the *Queen of Love to enſpire her Heart with a Gentle ſoft Flame preſenting before* her the Figure of *Guy*, and thus, in her ſilent ſlumber, he repeats;

Fair Phillis, *see Renowned* Guy *here stands,*
And I am come (by Venus *strict Commands)*
To tell you, that for you he is design'd,
Who will the Glory be of all Mankind :
Princes shall Court his Favour, and his Arms
His Country shall Protect from Threatning Harms ;
Tyrants he will subdue, and all his Foes
Shall dread his Name, that dare him to oppose ;
Victory crowns his Arms, while his Delight,
The Wronged and Oppressed is to Right :
His Conquering Arms through all the World shall raise
Him Monuments of Everlasting praise.
Dispise him not, he's worthy of thy Love,
Then turn thy Frowns to Smiles ; and Kinder prove ;
Or by my Powerfull Art, this Dart I send,
Shall quickly make your stubborn Heart to bend.

So soon as he had done his Message, the Figure disappeared, and *Cupid* steered his Course through the yielding Air, *Phillis* awaking, strangely surprized by what had appear'd to her in her Dream, and much more by the passionate Desire she had of beholding again the real person of Noble *GUY*, being Extreamly pleased with the lovely Representation of Him which was not long fore she enjoyed, for *G U Y*, led by his eager Passion sought all Opportunities of making his Love known unto her, and happily meeting with her, thus accosted her: Most Beautiful, tho' severe divine Creature! I have once more presum'd to throw my self at your Feet, desiring you to look on my bleeding Wound with Eyes of Compassion, and put an End to all my Sufferings, by giving me Hopes of living happy in your Love, to which she answered: Most Noble Youth, you ask what is not in my Power to grant, the World would blame me For my Rashness, if i should consent to Love my Fateer's Steward's Son, Without the Consent of my Father, to whose Disposal I wholly resign my self. Therefore dispair not, if you can do any thing to meet his Good Will. I doubt not, dear lady (reply'd he) of that I will go abroad, and Purchase Fame by the Power of my Arms, and, at my Return, lay all the Trophies of my Victories at your Feet.

Go then, most Noble *Guy*, you have my Love, may Victories and Success attend upon your Arms where e'er you go, while I will remain in a Virgin State, wishing your happy Return, loaded with that fame as *may*

make

Make my Father think you worthy of me, and I proud of such a Lover. Bright Star, by whose Influences I am wholly guided, if glorious Feats Of Arms, and Fame in Fields of Battle gain'd will please my Love, I'll wade through Seas of Blood, and defie the greatest of Dangers My Love farewel, I must repair to Arms. So with many Exchaneable Expressions of Love they parted.

CHAP. III.

Of Guy's *Famous Exploits in* Normandy, *and his Fight with Three* Champions, *and Releasing a Lady falsly condemned to Dye.*

GUY, putting to Sea, soon arrived in *Normandy*, where he had not long been e'er he found Occasion to Exercise his Arms, which was upon this Account There was a beautious young Lady had been ravish'd by the Duke's Son, and she accusing him of it, there was Four Russians subborned to swear, by his Father, that she confessed another had done it, but she charged him with it out of Revenge of a Breach of Promise, he going to be Marryed to another Lady. Thus the Accuser was accused, and cast into prison, and by the Evidence of the false Witnesses condemn'd to be Burnt, unless any Champion would in her behalf, fight her Four Accusers, one after another, to Vindicate her Innocence, this was welcome News to *GUY*, who hasted to the place of Execution; where being come. he beheld the Lady bound to a Stake, and the Accusers challenging any body that would engage in her behalf, which *GUY* enraged at soon entred the List, to engage in single Combate with one of them; the Trumpet sounding, they furiously met each other, and *GUY* couching the Spear against his Breast, it ran quite through, so that he fell dead from his Horse. The Accusers seeing the Fate of their Fellow. stood not to engage single, but all at once clapping Spurs to their Horses, rid hastily up to *GUY*, who being ready received one upon the Point of his Spear, and unhors'd him as he had done the first; then pulling out his Sword, he laid on upon the other Two, cutting and mangling them desperately, and in a little Time brought one of them down dead by his Fellows, the other falling upon his Knees, begg'd his Life, and confess'd the Innocence of the Lady, and the Falseness of his Accusation; which caused all the Beholders to set up a great Shout, and applaud the Action of the most Noble and Valiant Stranger, that had thus delivered the

Lady

Lady whom *Guy* unbound, and returned to her Friends, who, after many Presents which he refused, soon after put to Sea again, defeating and taking Prisoner the Duke's Son, and his Company, who, in a Vessel pursued him at Sea, to Revenge themselves upon him, for Rescuing the Lady from the Death they had designed, and discovering the Plot against her.

CHAP. 4.

How Guy *won* Blanch. *the Emperor's Daughter and his refusing her for the Love he bore to* Phillis, *and his return to her at* Warwick-Castle.

PUrsuing his Voyage, he Landed on the Confines of *Germany*, just at a Time when there was a Tilt and Turnament to be held, to win a fair Prize, *Blanch*, the Emperor's Daughter, whom the Conquerer was to have in Marriage. *Guy*, incited by the Warlike Noise of the Trumpets, soon arrived to the Place, where several Princes had come from several Parts of Christendom, in hopes to win this Beautiful *Blanch*; where after beholding several Encounters, with various Success, he entered the Lists, against whom came a *German* Prince, *Philander*, who proudly pranced into the List, to engage with *Guy*; the Trumpets sounding the Charge, they furiously met each other, so that their Spears shivered in the Air all to pieces, then drawing their Swords, they fiercely assaulted each other, with many cutting Blows, while *Guy*, with a full charged Blow on the Helmet, struck him of his Horse so stun'd that he was carried off for Dead. At the same Time entered *Otten* the great Prince of *Tuscany*, a Friend to *Philander* who vow'd that nothing but the life of *Guy*, should satisfie the Injury done to the vanquish'd Prince whom *Guy* most boldly encourned too, till with the many Wounds he gave him, made him unable to resist any longer, thus *Guy* continued Victorious in several Encounters to the great Admiration of all the Spectators, who thought him more then man. The Emperor seeing no more to combate with him, sent for him, were he, with his Empress, and *Blanch*, was highly extoling his matchless Valour, and offering his Daughter *Blanch* as the Prize worthy of his noble Deeds; which he modestly refused, acquainting them with the obligation of his Vows to fair *Phillis*, for whose sake he undertook the Glorious Enterprize. The Emperor much admiring his Vertue as well as his Valour, dismissed him;

well as his Valour, dismissed him, after many Favours bestowed upon him; then attended by the chief Nobility to the Sea-side, he embarked for *England*, where in a little time he arriv'd, while *Phillis*, whom Fame had loudly informed of his glorious Actions abroad, hearing of his safe Arrival waited with Joy to receive him: Now *Guy* coming to *Warwick-Castle*, found a most kind Welcome by *Phillis*, and Earl *Rohand*, who with Tears of Joy, embraced him in his Arms, *Guy*, thus passing some time in the happy Enjoyment of fair *Phillis*'s Company, he had new Desires of entering into farther Enterprizes. Which he made known to the Earl, who did his Endeavour to perswade him from it, considering the Danger and Hazard that attends them. But *Guy*, spurr'd on by the Desire of Fame, after many tender Obligations of Love to *Phillis*, took his Leave of her, and again prepared (since his Country afforded no Occasion to try his Valour) to go to Foreign Parts.

CHAP. V.

How Guy *killed the* Dun Cow *of* Dunsmore-Heath, *and of his being Knighted.*

THE Vessel he being in for his intended Voyage, being driven back by contrary Winds, and lying in Harbour, he heard a Report about the Country of a monstrous Cow, which terrify'd the neighbouring Places, destroying the Cattle, and hurting and killing many that went about to destroy her; she was beyond the ordinary size of other Cattle, six Yards in length, and four high, with large sharp Horns and fiery Eyes, of a Dun Colour, her place of abode was on a Heath near *Warwick*, now called *Dunsmore-Heath*, which derived its Name from this monstrous Cow; the King hearing of the dreadful Havock this Beast made, offered Knighthood to any that should overcome this Dun Cow; *Guy*, who was by was all thought to be far beyond Sea, privately arming himself with a strong Battle-Ax, and his Bow and Quiver, made his way towards the Place where this Monster was, and approaching near the Den, he beheld upon the Heath, the sad Objects of Desolation, the Carcasses of Men and Beasts she had destroyed: *Guy* no whit daunted at that, pursued on his way, till such time she espyed *Guy*, staring with her dreadful Eyes upon him, and roaring most hediously, he bent his Bow of Steel, and let fly an Arrow, which rebounded from her Hide, as if had been shot against a Brazen Wall: she enraged, ran as swift as the Wind at him, who seeing his Arrows of no effect, had prepared himself with his Battle-Ax to receive her, which he did with such a Blow upon her Head as made her recoil; but she recovering, more enraged at such a Treatment, ran full tilt with her sharp Horns at *Guy*'s Breast, which only dented his Armour,

and made him ſtagger, laying on many forceable Blows, at laſt luckily hit her under the Ear, which was the only place that was penitrable, where making a deep Wound, the Blood guſhed out amain, and he fol-

lowing his Blows in the ſame place, made ſo many Gaſhes, that with loud roaring ſhe fell down, and weltring in a Stream of Blood, dy'd. *Guy* having done this work, ſoon made it known to the Country People, who to be ſatisfied of their being freed from this Monſter, flock'd to the Place, where they beheld the monſtrous Carcaſs lie. The King hearing of it, ſent for *Guy*, and with a great deal of Joy, welcomed him and confer'd upon him the Honour of Knighthood, and cauſed one of the Cows Ribs to be hung up in *Warwick-Caſtle*, as a laſting Monument of his Fame.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How Guy *was set upon in a Wood by Sixteen Villians, who lay in Ambush to destroy him, and how he overcame them.*

GUY then putting to Sea with three other Knights, who had vowed to bear him Company in his Adventures, they designed for the Emperor's Court, which *Otton*, the great Duke of *Tuscany*, whom *Guy* had foil'd in fighting for *Blanch*, hearing of, chose out Sixteen of the stoutest Soldiers, whom he orders to lye in Ambush in a Wood, through which *Guy* and his three Knights was to pass, and kill them, and bury them in the Wood; which they readily undertook to do, not knowing whom they had to deal withal; for no sooner was *Guy* and his Friends come to the Place, but they altogether issued out upon them, who little thought of any such Treachery: Courage my Friends, said *Guy*, These Villians Lives shall pay the Reward of their Treachery. Then they drawing their Swords, laid manfully about them, while *Guy* still encountering where he found most to do, had dispatch'd Ten of them, and looking about to rescue his Friends, he found the Rogues had killed two of them, and only Sir *Harauld* left alive, much wounded, which *Guy* enraged at, like Lightning flew at the other Six, and soon made their mangled Bodies liveless Trunks, as he had done the other Ten, *Guy* much troubled for the loss of his Friends, ordered a Hermit thereby to bury them, and to take care of his wounded Friend, Sir *Harauld*, while he pursued his intended Course.

CHAP. VII.

How Guy *being furnished by two Christian Princes (between whom he made Peace) with two thousand Men, went to relieve the City of* Bezantium, *that was besieged by the* Turks.

GUY having approached very near the Enemy's Camp, gave Notice to *Albertus*, Governour of the City, of his coming to relieve it, and ordered him to open a Gate for his Enterance into the City; for he was resolved to cut his way through the *Turk*'s Camp, to get into the City for their Relief. *Guy* encouraging his Soldiers by the justness of their Cause, began to come upon the *Turks*, who by that time had taken the Alarm, crying, *Arm, Arm*; but *Guy* with his Men rushing on, beat down all before them, insomuch as making a great Passage, by slaughtering the *Turks*, through their Camp they entered the Town, leaving about Twenty Thousand *Turks* Dead, as an Example of his Manly Valour: The *Soldan*,

mad to be so beaten, and for the Loss of his Men, he ordered a general Assault to be made on the Town early next Morning, *Guy* understanding their Design, got his Men in order, went out of the City to meet them before they could approach the Walls, to put their Scaling Engines in Execution, the *Turks*, strangely surprized at his Forwardness, began to Hault, which *Guy* perceiving, he fell on with his Men with such Fury, as put them all in Confusion; insomuch that *Rombold*, a mighty Giant of the *Turks*, ran freting and chafing about to meet with *Guy*, vowing by his Heathen gods, that he, at one Blow, would sacrifice *Guy* to their Fury, when meeting with *Guy*, he lifted up his mighty Battle-Ax, of near One Hundred Weight, thinking to cleave *Guy* in two; but he nimbly avoiding the Blow, returned him such a Blow with his trusty Sword on the Helmet, that entering his Brain, made him fall dead to the Earth, which so discouraged the *Turks*, that they fled from *Guy* as from Death. The *Soldan* seeing the dread his Army had of him; engaged in single Combat with *Guy*, pouring and thundering his Blows upon him, but *Guy* laid about him so well, that he made his gilded Armour fly in Pieces, and made an easie Passage to his Heart, which *Guy*, with one home Thrust, made a way through, which he had no sooner done, but he was encountered by a great *Sarazen*, who had promised his Mistress to bring her *Guy*'s Head, but *Guy* soon disabled him of performing his Promise; for at one Blow, he cut off his right Arm, so that clapping Spurs to his Horse, he was glad to escape with his own Head. The *Turks* all this while flying before *Guy*'s Men, they had an intire Conquest, and returned with the Spoil of the Field in Triumph to the City, where they was received with all the Joy that could be express'd.

CHAP. VIII.

How Guy *in his Return for* England, *finding a Dragon and a Lyon Fighting together, killed the Dragon; and also how he Slew a Monsterous Boar.*

AFter his taking his leave of *Albertus*, and putting to Sea for *England*, they chanced to put into Harbour for fresh Water, and other Necessaries: He Riding up in the Woods, to see if he could light of any Venison, heard a Terrible sort of a Noise, which at the first Surprize, he could not tell what to think it should be, but considering it might be some wild Beasts which did inhabit those Woods, his Curiosity led him on to see the Truth of it, for approaching (by the Noise he heard) to the Place from whence it came, he found there a fiery Dragon, and a fierce Lyon fighting together. *Guy* pleased at the Sport, sat himself down to

see

ſee which would have the Better on it, reſolving to help the Weakeſt; the Encounter was very fierce and terrible, till at laſt the Dragon, with her invenomed Teeth and knotted Tail, had ſo foiled the princely Lyon,

that he began to look how he might fly from him; which *Guy* ſeeing, ſaid, *Dragon have at your Hide*, and ſo laying on with mighty Blows on her rough ſcaly Back, which made no Impreſſion, he found that would not do his Buſineſs, but obſerving a Place under the Wing, more eaſie to be entered, with a ſtrong Thruſt pierced his Heart: The Lyon ſeeing his Enemy ſlain, with ſhow of Reverence, came and licked *Guy*'s Feet, and fawned upon him, and followed him by his Horſes ſide like a Dog, all the Time of his ſtay in that Place.

Some

Some time after, as *Guy* was paſſing through a Forreſt, to call at the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Court, in his Paſſage to *England*, he was ſet upon by a huge monſtrous Boar, who with red Eyes, and large ſpreading Tusks, and foaming Mouth, of an extraordinary Bulk, came running upon *Guy*,

thinking to gore him with his Tusks; but *Guy* perceiving him coming, prepared to give him ſuch a Welcome as he never met before, for giving him many luſty Blows with his large cutting Sword, as made him turn tail and endeavour to be gone; but *Guy* purſuing him with many more Stroaks, brought him down to the Ground, which, when he had done, he cut off his Head, which was almoſt an Hundred Weight, and bore it in Triumph upon his Launce's Point to the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Court, where he was received with all the Acclamations of Joy and Triumph that could be expreſs'd.

But

But *Guy* having been ſo long abſent from the bright Beauty, who was to be the Reward of his dreadful Toil, was much deſirous to return to *England*, his Native Place. Long it was before he could obtain their Licenſes to depart, they ſtill preparing one noble Exerciſe or other to delay him, till at laſt he opened to them his Love; giving them to underſtand it was for that he ſo long had travelled about the World, and undertaken Enterprizes ſo perilous, againſt which they could find no Argument, but ordering one of the Ships immediately to be rigged and fitted, they unwillingly diſmiſſed him, after having accompanied him to the Sea-ſide, ſaying to him, go and Proſper, thou moſt Heroick Knight of *Chriſtendom*, thrice joyful is the Land that gave thee Breath, and more happy ſhe that muſt receive thee in her Arms: may Victory attend thee whereſoever thou goeſt, and Crown thy Brows with everlaſting Honour.

For which *Guy* having returned them humble Thanks, gave order to hoiſt up Sail, and the Wind blowing hard, in five Days they came to ſound on Engliſh Ground.

CHAP. IX.

How Guy *killed a Monſterous Dragon in* Northumberland.

NO ſooner was *Guy* Landed in *England*, but the King hearing of it, ſent ſome of his Nobles to attend on *Guy* to *York*, where he then kept his Court, which obliged him to alter his Reſolution of going preſently to his beloved *Phillis*. No ſooner was he arrived in the Preſence of the King, who welcom'd him home with great Expreſſions of Joy, aſſuring him, Fame had ſo loudly proclaimed his glorious Atchievements abroad, that he look'd upon him as and Honour to the Nation, and the Champion of his Country. If there be any thing, replyed *Guy*, that could imploy my Arms in any hazardous Enterprize, to make me worthy of your Favour, I ſhould be happy. *Alas!* ſays the King; *There is at this time a dreadful Dragon inhabiting the Rocks in* Northumberland, *who for ſome time had devoured Men and Beaſts, ſo that the Country round about her Cave for many Miles is become deſolate.* *Guy*, not at all daunted at the Relation, deſired leave of the King to encounter the Dragon, which he granted him, with many wiſhes of Succeſs, and ordered twelve Knights to Conduct him on his Way to the Cave. Then *Guy* ſetting forward, ſoon came in ſight of the Rock, he ordered the Knights to tarry there, while he went to rouſe him out of his Cave, ſo *Guy* Riding on, ſaw the dreadful Sight of dead Carcaſſes of Men and Beaſts, ſome half devoured, others ſtrangely ſwelled with his venomous Poyſon. Having come near-

er,

er, the Dragon espyes him, and with frightful Hissings, and beating the Air with his Wings, flew directly at *Guy*, who perceiving his coming,

placed his Launce to meet him, which he did with full Career on his Breast; but his Launce, by the hardness of his Skin, made no Impression, bursting into a Hundred Pieces, then *Guy*, drawing his Sword, laid on redoubled Blows on the Monster's Head, while he with his forked Sting and hedious Noise, disgorging Poyson at him, assaulted him with Teeth and Nails, sometimes on the Ground, sometimes in the Air; still *Guy* bravely defended himself, and taking his Opportunity as he was rising, gave him a home Thrust under the Wing, which reach'd his Heart; then falling down with loud Yells, which made the Rocks resound, throwing up Poyson, which seem'd like Flames of Fire, while his black Blood issued from the Wound, left his liveless Carcass lying on the Earth. *Guy* dismounting, cut of his Head fixing it on the Truncheon of his Spear, rode back to the Knights, who with Joy and Triumph bore him Company to the King, who bestowed many rich Presents on him, and ordered the just Proportion of the Dragon to be drawn, which proved to be This-

ty Foot in lenght, and proportionable alike, and hung up in *Warwick-Caſtle*, as a Monument, of laſting Fame of the Noble Heroick Champion, Sir *Guy*.

CHAP. X.

Of Guy's *return to* Warwick, *and Marrying Fair* Phillis, *and of his Reſolution to go on his Pilgrimage to the* Holy Land.

GUY, having taken leave of the King, departed for *Warwick*, and coming to *Warwick-Caſtle*, he was moſt kindly received by *Phillis*, who had ſent to Heaven many good Wiſhes for his ſafe return. Earl *Roband* likewiſe hearing of his return, and that he waited only for his Conſent to Marry his Daughter, haſted thither, and with Joy embracing *Guy* in his Arms, freely gave his Conſent, and ordered Preparations to be made with ſpeed to grace the Solemnity, and with all the Splendor that might be, which being done, the Nuptual Ceremonies was compleated with a great deal of Joy and Satisfaction on all ſides. The Noble Gueſt, and ſplendid Entertainment they had, exceeded any that had been known for many Years, to celebrate the happy Day upon this Occaſion, which continued with Songs, Maſquerades, and Dancing, the ſpace of Ten Days, ſo great was the Joy for the Match of this happy Pair; but it was ſoon after eclipſed by the Death of Earl *Roband*, who made *Guy* his ſole Heir of all his Lands and Lordſhips, which was farther confirmed upon him by the King in the Title of Earl of *Warwick*, by which Title he was ranked with other Lords and Peers, and in Favour with all Men. In this State he continued ſometime, very happy in the Enjoyment of his beautiful *Phillis*, ſtill ſome time, as ruminating upon paſt Actions of his Life, and the Showers of Blood he had ſpilt in ſeeking after Honour, it made him extream penſive, inſomuch that *Phillis* taking notice of it, enquired into the Cauſe, to whom he ſaid: For thy ſake, dear Lady, have I wandred through Seas of Blood, and with this Hand laid many Thouſands ſleeping in their ſilent Graves, and ſpent all the Days of my blooming Youth in ſeeking that empty Title called Honour, therefore 'tis now my Reſolution, to take a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, to viſit the Sepulchre of our bleſſed Saviour, who freely parted with his Life for ſinful Man's Redemption, I will lay by my rich Armour, and cloath myſelf in a Pilgrim's Weed. Come my dear and gentle *Phillis*, give me thy Ring, and take thou mine, which ſhall be a ſure Pledge of our laſting Love, and a certain Token of my Return when I ſend it thee again. He had no ſooner ended his Diſcourſe, but ſhe burſt out in Tears ſo ſoon to be ſeparated from her Lord, begging his ſtay, which he refuſing, with many tender Expreſſions of Love to each other, he departed on his Pilgrimage.

CHAP. XI.

How Guy *fighting with* Amarant, *a cruel Gyant, killed him, releasing a great many Prisoners that were kept by him.*

HAving crossed the Sea, and travelled many weary Steps on the Land, he happened to spy, by the side of a murmering Brook, an aged Knight in a disconsolate Posture, bemoaning his lamentable Condition; and ending his sorrowful Complaint, drew his Sword, and went to throw himself on it. which *Guy* (hasting to him) prevented, and enquiring of him the Cause of his going to act such a Tragedy upon himself, he said, Alas! Pilgrim, it lies not in thy Power to ease my Grief, nor can any thing but Death put an end to my Misery. of which my Cause is this.

In yonder strong Castle dwelleth *Amarant*, a most tyranical Gyant, of such a fierce Nature, that he destroys or imprisons all he lights on.

'Twas

'Twas my only Daughter's Misfortune to become his Prey, as she was wandring in these Woods; I have Fifteen Sons, they all armed themselves to rescue their Sister, but their Power was not able to resist the mighty Force of this cruel Gyant, but was by him taken Prisoners, and are now (with many more miserable Creatures) under his Confinement.

Lend me your Sword and Armour, said *Guy*, perhaps I may release them, I will try the Force of my Arms in so good a Cause: So going up to the Castle Gate, he thunder'd at it as if he'd beat it down: The Gyant being rousted out of his Sleep, by the Noise, came freting with a great massy Club on his Shoulder, saying, Sirrah, how durst you be thus bold to disturb my Repose? I shall Chastise you for your Insolence, and give your battered Carcass to the Crows to feed on. Nay, hold, said *Guy*, we will soon dispute that, for by the Power of my Sword, I will subdue your haughty Mind, and lop your traiterous Head from those brawny Shoulders, and thereby release the miserable Prisoners now under your Confinement. The Gyant not staying to hear any more, made at *Guy* with his mighty Club, as if he meant at one Blow to crush him under the weight of it; but *Guy* carefully shunning his Stroaks, now and then gave him such Cuts on his Armour and Flesh, as made it gape, and die it of a crimson Colour. Thus they continued Fighting, 'till such time the Gyant, thro' the abundance of Sweat and want of Breath, began to faint, and so pretending Thirst, desir'd, of *Guy*, leave to drink, which *Guy* generously granted him; so laying his large Body on the Earth, and his Mouth to the River, he drank a large Draught, so refreshing himself, they renewed the Fight with many furious Blows on each side, 'till *Guy* wanting to drink, desired the same Kindness of the Gyant: No, said the Gyant, I have more Wit, you shall stay till your Work is done before you drink: Must I so, said *Guy*, then have at monsterous Hide; so redoubling his Strength, he gave him a mighty Blow on the Helmet, which made his Eyes turn in his Head, and so stun'd him, that staggering, he knew not, hardly, how to defend himself; *Guy* seeing that, follow'd it with two or three more such Blows, as brought him to the Ground, roaring and bellowing most terribly; but *Guy* soon made him quiet, by cutting off his Head, then taking the Keys from him, went to the Castle, and released abundance of miserable Creatures, who had been long kept by him, returning the old Knight his Fifteen Sons and Daughter, giving him Possession of the Castle, so taking his leave, pursued on his Pilgrimage, which he performed with a great deal of Hardship and Danger; and having spent some time in the *Holy Land* with great Devotion, he

and back those many weary Steps he had gone before, and returned to *England*, to spend the remainder of his Days, and lay his aged Bones in their own native Soil.

CHAP. XII.

How Guy, *returning to* England, *encountred with* Colbron, *a mighty Gyant, the* Dane's *Champion, killing him, and putting their whole Army to Flight.*

BEing arrived in *England*, he found that since his Departure, the *Danes* had landed in *England*, laying waste many Places, destroying all where they came; and that the King having been worsted several times by them

was

was then Beſieged by the *Danes*, in the ſtrong City of *Wincheſter*, thither he haſted, juſt at the time when there was *Colbron*, a mighty Gyant of the *Danes*, advanced to the Walls, bidding Deſiance to the Engliſh King and all his Country, daring him to ſend any Champion that would fight in his Cauſe againſt him, who was a Terror to the *Engliſh*, having deſtroyed many of them by his mighty Strength, being of an extraordinary largeneſs! *Guy* perceiving none accept the Challenge, deſired the King to let him try the Combat. *Alas!* replyed he, *poor Pilgrim, thy aged Limbs are not able to contend with his Force. Doubt not, Sir, but the juſtneſs of your Cauſe will add Strength to thoſe Arms which have been us'd to Conquer.* So preparing for the Combat, he goes towards *Colbron*'s Camp, while the Walls was thronged to behold the Event, calling for *Colbron* to come forth and fight him, who coming, ſaid: Can the King find no better Champion, than ſuch an aged Man, that is weary of his Life, and comes to loſe it. Hold, preſumptious *Dane*, theſe aged Arms ſhall ſhow you cauſe to fear them. With that they encountred with ſuch Vigour, as made their Helmets ſparkle Fire; *Guy* dealing ſuch manly Blows as *Colbron* did not expect to meet with; who, fuming to be withſtood, exerciſed his whole Strength to defeat him, inſomuch that Fortune ſtood neuter, for ſometimes there was loud ſhouts ſent from the Walls, and others from the *Daniſh* Camp, as they ſee the Advantage on either ſide. *Colbron* finding he had to do with one he could not conquer, offered *Guy*, if he would ſubmit, to promote him in the *Daniſh* Camp. No cowardly *Dane*, I diſpiſe thy Proffer, and will ſooner loſe my Life than *England*'s Honour. So ſaying, he lift up his Sword, and diſcharging upon *Colbron*'s Head a full Blow, made him reel, the Blood following the Blow down his Face in abundance: *Guy* finding the Advantage over him, followed him cloſe with many more ſuch Blows, 'till he fell to the Ground Breathleſs, while they on the Wall ſet up ſuch a Shout, as eccho'd to the Clouds. The *Danes* ſeeing their Champion ſlain, in great Numbers encompaſs'd *Guy*, while he laid about him with his Sword, that he ſaved himſelf from them all, 'till the King ſent out all the armed Men in the City, who fell upon the *Danes*, making great ſlaughters of them, giving them a total Rout, purſuing them to the very Sea-ſide, where a few eſcaped in their Ships, the reſt were all killed or taken Priſoners, with all the rich Spoil they had got; ſo returning in Triumph to *Wincheſter*, the King embraced in his Arms his Land's Deliverer from ſo cruel an Enemy, offering him any Honours he would accept of, deſiring him to diſcover himſelf to him, which he did in private; who afterward went alone to ſee him in his ſolitary Retirement.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Guy's Love, and how Phillis *behaved herself in her Lord's Absence, how she came to hear of his being there, with the manner of both their Deaths and Burials.*

GUY secretly departing from the City, went to a large Cave which was cut in the side of a Rock, and lived a solitary Life some Years, unknown to *Phillis*, often going to *Warwick Castle* in his Pilgrim's Weeds to receive an Alms, which he did from his own dear Lady's Hands, who freely distributed her Charity, enquiring of all Pilgrims if they could give her any Intelligence of her Lord, whom she could hear nothing of, 'till such time as *Guy* finding a great decay in Nature, and that the Thread of his Life was almost spun, being not able to go out of his Cave, seeing a Traveller pass by, desired him to deliver the Countess of *Warwick* her own Ring, which was to be the Token of his Return, and said he should be rewarded for it by her, to whom he was to give Directions where to find the Cave. He going to *Warwick*, did accordingly deliver the Ring into her Hand, who was surprized with such excess of Joy, that she hardly knew what to say; but giving him a good Reward, cryed, *Where is my Lord?* Then he directed her to the Cave, whether she soon went with her Attendance, to bring her Lord home: When she came to the Cave, she embraced his weak Body, and sent forth abundance of Tears, between Joy and Sorrow, while *Guy* thus expressed himself: My dear Lady, I am very well satisfy'd of your chast Life and pious Doings since my Departure; I have, since my Return, lived sometime here, and have been myself Partaker of your Bounties.

Ah! my Lord, replyed she, how could you be so unkind for to live so long by me, and not let me enjoy the Felicity of your Company? The want of which hath been the greatest Trouble I could have.

Heaven knows (says *Guy*) I love no earthly thing like thyself, but the care of my immortal Soul, made me dispise all earthly Felicities, but willing to see thee once more before my Life was spent, I sent the Ring according to my Promise, that thou mightest come and close my dying Eyes. So ending his Words, he laid his fainting Head on *Phillis*'s trembling Breast, and dyed: When she saw his Exit, she tore her rich Attire, and her lovely Hair, and beat her fair Breasts like one distracted; and being conveyed home by her Servants, with the Body of her Lord, she refused any thing that might sustain Life, and soon after dyed. The

Noise

Noise of *Guy*'s Death spreading abroad, the King and Queen came to *Warwick*, to see them nobly Intered, much lamenting the Loss of so good a Subject, and his vertuous Lady: They caused the Castle to be hung in Mourning, and truly all *England* mourned for the Loss of their Champion; who, with his Lady, was Buried with all the Solemnity that could be performed on such an Occasion; and a famous Monument erected over them, by the most curious Artists and Workmen as could be found, and the Trophies of his Victories was ordered to be kept in *Warwick Castle*, where some Remains of them are to be seen to this Day.

FINIS

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